FORD TIMES

OCTOBER 1977

Pacific Grove's Monarch Celebration





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FORD TIMES

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Ford
75TH ANNIVERSARY

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Cover: Douglas F. Davis catches a coy look on film during preparation for the annual Monarch Butterfly Parade in Pacific Grove, California. See story beginning on page 8.

600,000 Ways to See RICHMOND

by Mary Reeves Mahoney
paintings by Kenneth Harris

THERE'S A CLEVER WAY to enjoy Richmond that beats the do-it-yourself method. Why squander precious time asking questions, pondering folders, debating which sights to see—and at the end perhaps discovering some of the best was missed?

That doesn't happen when you're shown about by Richmonders. Though they're historically famous for having minds of their own, they generally agree that this capital city's No. 1 tourist attraction is its history. Southern food ranks next *but* jumps into first place at breakfast, lunch and dinner time. Visitors lucky enough to have a friend in Richmond are treated to the most select pleasures. A tally of hospitable folks reveals what those are.

Here's another Southern city that has mushroomed in the recent past, suburbia bulldozing far green horizons, the skyline quintupling, and all of it trussed up by super-roads. You'd think, glimpsing from I-95 the huge tobacco, chemical and other industries, that Richmond might be an unwieldy place to see. It's not, because most of its history clusters in a small area in the heart of town.

For instance, within a three-minute walk of one another are the Capitol, the White House of the Confederacy, the Valentine Museum, John Marshall House, and St. Paul's Church where President Jefferson Davis was worshipping when a messenger brought the fateful note from General Robert E. Lee. It read: "My lines have been broken around Petersburg. I can no longer defend the capital."

So Richmond was burned for the third time, the burned portions temporarily reverting back to the piney hills the first explorers claimed after they had established Jamestown in 1607. The explorers had continued up the James in search of the south



seas and gold, but found the river getting too rocky and shallow for their little ships. They came upon Indian trails where Richmond's streets are now. They discovered gold, however, and plenty of it, in the bright weed the Indians grew.

Tobacco produced the first enormous fortunes, built the handsome plantation houses. Early Richmonders farmed and shipped "bright leaf" till it seemed, as one colonist wrote back to England, "Virginia is founded upon smoak." The city became, and remains, the tobacco capital of the world.

White House first on list

In the heart of this big town/small city, let's see what the local people would show you. First of all, the White House of the Confederacy, a majestic residence, with its adjacent museum. The museum's famed collection of firearms, and unique items such as the gold-trimmed uniform Lee wore when he surrendered at Appomattox, tell the story of four pivotal years in America's history, of a tragic war in which tens of thousands died because of a difference in point of view. Southerners remind guests that this is not any Confederate museum, it's *the* Museum of the Confederacy, all 13 states having contributed to its displays.

Outside the mansion, someone may point out the porch from which President Davis's small son, Joe, toppled to his death onto a brick kitchen yard. This touching vignette usually leaves small fry big-eyed and (briefly) solemn, but there is no known way to avoid the inexhaustible supply of historical anecdotes every Virginian comes equipped with. You'll surely hear of Miss Elizabeth Van Lew whose respected social standing concealed her identity as a Union spy. And of course the streets will once more flood with corn whiskey as every single barrelful is destroyed before the Yankees march in.

A few steps along and there's the Valentine Museum, treasure house of the city's history, and it is family-oriented and easy on the feet. Here Mom, who may not be much for rusty guns and swords, can enjoy, for instance, the largest collection of vintage wedding dresses in the U.S. Children love the local Indian artifacts.

Across the way is the newly refurbished John Marshall House, the simple but beautiful home of the great Chief Justice who presided over Aaron Burr's trial for treason.

The regal Capitol shows off the only statue of George Washington made from life, and memorializes Virginia's other sons who became presidents: Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, Zachary Taylor and Woodrow Wilson.

By now you're getting the idea that people here are plenty proud of their ancestry. You've also



found out Southerners don't hurry, so sight-seeing is leisurely when they direct it. Museums are great, they feel, but for true local flavor it's also important to study the sky through a live oak; to listen to the dropped *gs* and soft-spoken voices—"Paper say gon' rain." "What y'all doin'?"; to smell a shower drying on ancient bricks, and hear kids saying *ma'am* and *sir* to their elders. A kindly hostess at the John Marshall House offers, "The bathroom's over there, if you should want the hospitality of the house."

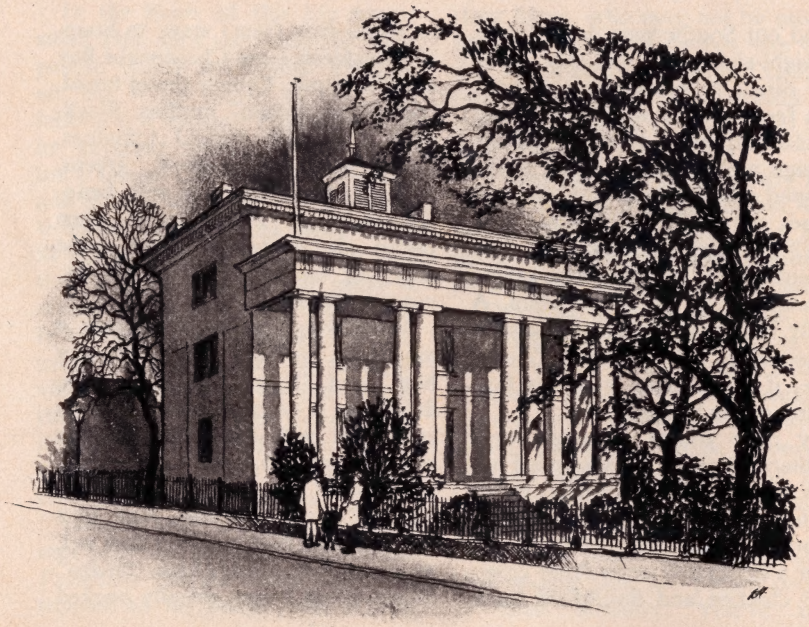
By now you've sampled some Southern cookin', or you need to, since sightseers, like armies, travel on their stomachs. If you're dining in homes or private clubs you'll savor a delectable array from crisp-fried chicken and Smithfield ham, or Brunswick (hen) stew, to bountiful seafoods from Chesapeake Bay and the ocean. There's spoon bread, corn sticks, "risen" muffins. Black-eyed peas with stewed tomatoes, nutmeg-seasoned collard greens, corn pudding. All of it with heaping plates of *hot* biscuits. Then pecan pie or lemon chess, wine jelly, fig ice cream. And always, year-round, iced tea.

When you dine in restaurants it may help to know that "country ham" and "Virginia ham" will be delicious. A second meat is always called for with ham, for it is too rich and salty to make a main dish. "Old ham" on a sandwich menu means *"this is not that pink stuff shipped from Chicago"* but dark red, pepper-cured country ham. "Snaps" means green beans, usually cooked

with ham scraps. Green peas are "English peas" and "spring onions" are scallions.

Some Richmonders put their guests in the car after a Southern meal and take them on a nice sedentary tour around town. They want to point out the Fan, a district of townhouses refurbished to suit modern living, so they start in the West End, include the prettiest residential sections, swing down Monument Avenue which is lined for blocks by massive monuments to leaders of the Confederacy. En route to the East End there's more restoration in the Shockoe Slip area, then the charming renewal of old architecture on Church Hill. Richmond has indeed been busily spiffing itself up.

The highlight of the East End is a spot much loved by Richmonders and all Americans since a redheaded country lawyer one day rode into town to St. John's Church to take part in the Virginia Convention of 1775. The white frame church still stands amid boxwood and magnolia, and many visitors seat themselves in the pew from which Patrick Henry rose to shout through lasting history, "Give me liberty or give me death!"



Though all Richmonders feel old St. John's is a must, guests have ideas of their own, too. War-Between-the-States buffs want to circle the local battlefields, such as Cold Harbor, Seven Pines and Malvern Hill. Some people would rather see the nearby James River plantations, or spend an afternoon at Williamsburg. Or tour a cigarette factory. Youngsters hold out for Maymont Zoo, the theatre at Dogwood Dell, and all those nice places to swim.



Climate is pleasing

Even if a family can't agree on itinerary, whatever sightseeing they do should be blessed by an easy-to-take climate. Middle Virginia is a region of rich fields, mockingbirds, and autumns sweet and drawn out as taffy. Occasionally snow falls, but rarely stays, and there are mighty few mornings when a householder can't stick a trowel in a dooryard garden after 10 o'clock. ("I went to the University of Richmond," says a Bostonian, "so I could play tennis outdoors all year.") One day every February the thermometer shoots up to 78. Doors and daffodils open. Thousands of front porches get their sitters back. Another long springtime unfolds, attaining peak bloom in late April when Garden Week opens to the public some of the city's loveliest private gardens.

One Richmond family sightsees differently; they take their guests away, first cruising the James River as a historic setting before seeing the city. Some other folks don't take guests anywhere in summer. Too hot. Yet others think you haven't done the town at all unless you've heard its symphony orchestra and enjoyed the important Museum of Fine Arts whose eclectic assemblage of world treasures is regarded as best in the Southeastern states. "If you're going to miss those two," declares a hostess, "you might as well stay home!"

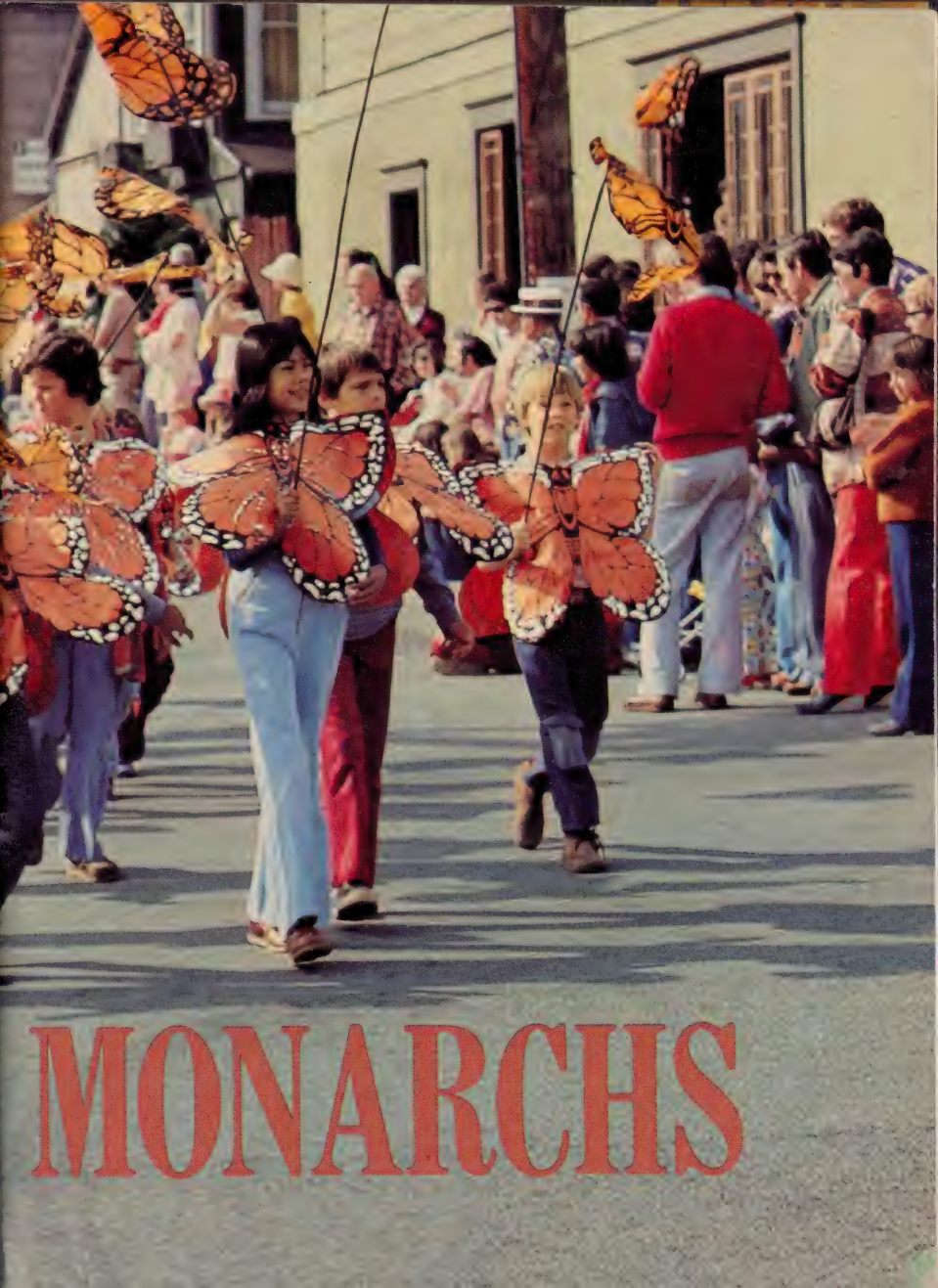
Well, Virginians have their oddities. They climb family trees. Their conversation is continually prefaced by "Child" and "Honey." They say potato but tom*ah*to. And drink iced tea for breakfast.

No wonder there are 600,000 ways to see one city. That's how many Richmonders there are in the metropolitan area. □



Pacific Grove and Its Magnificent

story and photos by Douglas F. Davis



MONARCHS

EACH AUTUMN the visitors come drifting across Monterey Bay, delicate flecks of orange and black against the crisp blue sky, wafted along by the southerly air current and the typically erratic beat of their own wings. Residents of Pacific Grove, California, watch for them, marveling at the unerring instinct that brings millions of fragile monarch butterflies to winter at this small seacoast village year after year.

Arrival of the first velvet-winged visitors in early October stirs a bustle of activity as Pacific Grove school children prepare a regal welcome, the annual Butterfly Parade. Thousands of residents and visitors will line the curbs October 15 this year to watch colorfully costumed children march to the blare and oom-pah-pah of glittering school bands, celebrating the gloriously unusual gift that nature's whimsical magic brings to this town.

Pacific Grove, dubbed "Butterfly Town U.S.A." by its Chamber of Commerce, is a salty seawhisper of a town: rustic homes, cottages and sprawling resort motels nestled among sweet-scented Monterey pines, oaks, eucalyptus and wind-blown cypress at the thumbnail end of the Monterey Peninsula. Here the quiet waters of Monterey Bay nudge against the endless rolling swells of the blue Pacific some 125 miles south of San Francisco. No one knows when the monarchs first began their October-to-March sojourns here; coastal Indians spoke of them long before the first white settlers came.

An advance contingent of "scouts" flits into Pacific Grove a month before the main migration, searching out certain groves of trees, almost always the same ones favored by the previous year's visitors. Local folklore has it that monarchs will avoid a tree where butterflies were disturbed the year before. Natural scientists smile at this and theorize that monarchs follow thermal air layers to the town, then locate favored resting trees by an ultrasensitive sense of smell that zeroes in on residual odors left by the prior generation.

When the main army of monarchs invades this coastal town, trees and shrubs literally bloom in butterflies. Clustering thickly on branches and leaves, piling atop one another, resting monarchs respond to the touch of morning sun by spreading brilliant orange and black inner wings, a breathtaking show of kaleidoscopic colors. On cool or rainy days the outer wings shut tight, assuming the brownish hues of dead leaves.

Pacific Grove officially protects its gentle visitors under a not-so-gentle town ordinance that imposes a $500 fine on anyone caught molesting them—an overt expression of loving regard for the butterflies as well as a tacit recognition of their value in bringing tourist trade.







Not surprisingly, the monarch motif pops up frequently in downtown shops and businesses. Colorful cardboard monarchs spread their wings over window merchandise displays. Besides the expected picture postcards, slides and posters there are monarch-decorated drinking glasses, coasters, ash trays, place mats, pillows and other ephemera. Local buses label themselves "Mini-Monarch" or "Maxi-Monarch," depending on size, sprouting enormous painted monarch wings along their gleaming white side panels. Oblivious of the various artistic and commercial renderings of their fair anatomies, monarchs flit and glide about town, pausing to sip nectar from flowering shrubs, blossoming window boxes and fall flower gardens.

One of the best known groves of "butterfly trees" in town is on the grounds of Milar Butterfly Grove Motel near the end of Lighthouse Avenue, the town's main street. Ghostly wisps of gray-green Spanish moss beard high pine branches, providing choice gathering sites for monarchs. By November masses of monarchs cover the trees in living orange and black drapery.

The gift shop in the motel office is a collector's paradise of framed butterfly specimens.

Finally it is the day of the big Butterfly Parade. Cross streets blocked by wooden barricades are manned by friendly policemen directing out-of-towners to nearby parking. Families stream from cars, little ones in tow, heading toward the smattering of early arrivals who have already staked out curbside claims.

Several blocks away all is tumult at Robert Down School where 1,200 costumed paraders are gathering. A frantic mother searches for her preschooler, finds him asking a band member if he can toot his tuba. Teachers line up stragglers in their places, glancing



about anxiously for the missing ones. A car pulls up, dropping off a small girl who shrieks as the car door slams on her butterfly wing. The door opens, the wing is straightened and all is well again. A clarinet ripples up and down a scale.

High school band members, sharp in brand-new scarlet uniforms and white hats, feign boredom, as if the parade is a bit young for them.

Down on the corner of Lighthouse and Fountain, spectators peer up the hill expectantly, front liners checking their cameras. It is a sparkling crisp blue-skied day, the kind parade planners pray for.

"Here they come!" a sharp-eyed, white-haired grandfather yells as he points up Fountain Avenue hill. The faraway muffled rum-te-dum of the bass drum and a few faint rah-tara-las from the trombones drift down on a wisp of breeze. Fathers hoist toddlers to their shoulders as the music grows louder.

"Why does the band keep stopping?" a visitor asks.

"The preschoolers are right behind them," a local explains. "The tots determine the pace of the whole shebang." It doesn't matter. The slow approach whets the appetite for greater enjoyment

The junior high band in front executes its turn with casual aplomb, horns and buttons gleaming, tootling and drumming a smile onto the face of the crowd. "Randolph's out of step again," a mother whispers. The band passes grandly, followed by the youngest kids in the parade, wide-eyed nursery schoolers who seem to think the whole thing is organized so they can stare at the spectators.

"There's Suzy!" yells a small boy with a big voice. Looking more like the littlest angel than a butterfly, Suzy pops a finger into her mouth and turns her head, embarrassed.

Mothers skirt the edge of the street anxiously, the "safety pin brigade" as one teacher calls them. If a wing sags or a costume threatens to disintegrate, one of the mothers will dash into the parade and make instant repairs. Butterfly wings are legion and some kids sprout pipe-cleaner antennae from headbands.

Surprises are inevitable since classes decide on their own costume theme each year. Green-clad, tinsel-trimmed youngsters pretend to be Martians visiting the monarchs. Coonskin-capped pioneers and their bonneted, long-skirted "womenfolk" march west to "discover" the monarchs while a tribe of diminutive Indians in feathers and painted faces protests "WE FOUND THEM FIRST" on a large banner. The crowd laughs and applauds.

In an hour the parade is over. Visitors begin to stream back to their cars, or join townspeople heading for the PTA Bazaar where games, contests, food, drink and white elephant sales will prolong the fun a few more hours.

Overhead monarchs glide and flutter in the sun. Next year their progeny will most certainly return to Pacific Grove while scientists continue to puzzle over exactly how they do it. Perhaps the secret isn't so mysterious. After all, who would want to miss the marvelous Butterfly Parade? □

Editor's note: Leading up to the observance of Ford Motor Company's 75th anniversary in June 1978, FORD TIMES is reprinting each month one story from among the finest we have published. "Babe Ruth's Pocket" by Wright Morris is the fifth in our series. It appeared in the issue of September 1972.



Babe Ruth's Pocket

With a pack of kids at his heels the Yankee dashed for the dugout, but lost part of his uniform

by Wright Morris

I should tell you about Babe Ruth's pocket while there are still people around who know who he was. I had the flannel pocket to his Yankee pants for two important years of my life, but, as with so many things of great value, I couldn't find many uses for it. I kept it in a cigar box with my better marbles, and planned

to kneel on it when the ground was wet. But in Nebraska, where I was living, the ground was either frozen or muddy, and we played most of our marbles in the cinder-covered school yard.

As I said, those years were important—important because of the Babe's pocket. Despite the seeming uselessness of that piece of cloth, it changed my luck and it may have saved my life. But that comes later.

How I got the pocket is another story. In those days baseball stars went on barnstorming tours at the end of the regular season, which is why Babe Ruth happened to come to a place like Omaha. With my father, my friend Joey Mulligan and Joey's father, I was in a box seat along the first base line. It was in this box Mr. Mulligan caught Babe Ruth's foul ball and it was perfectly natural for Mr. Mulligan to want the ball autographed.

Joey's father had once played semi-pro ball with the Mineola Redbirds, in Minnesota, before giving it all up to get married and be a night pressman for the Omaha *Bee*. He liked to play catch with me, more than with his son Joey, because I didn't flinch when he threw me a fast one. Joey seemed to feel that his father threw it harder at him than he did at me. Joey liked to crouch like a big league player, signal with his fingers, then yell at his father, "Let me have it!"

Sometimes Mr. Mulligan really did. While Joey was gone with a bloody nose or something, Mr. Mulligan and I would have a good warm-up, which he considered to be of equal importance to the game itself. He also liked to sneak me a fast one, but I could always tell when it was coming: His shoulders would twitch just before he took a firm grip on the ball.

My father had never heard of Babe Ruth until he hit more home runs than anybody. On the barnstorming tour Babe Ruth and Bob Meusel came to Western League Park, in Omaha, where my father, on Mr. Mulligan's advice, bought box seats along the first base line. To make sure we wouldn't miss the

warm-up we were in the box seats about an hour before game time. It couldn't have been a better day for baseball, but my father seemed to think it was a hot one. No one had explained to him that the best seats were not back in the grandstand, but right out in the open, with the sun in his face. Although the warm-up was important to all the other players, Babe Ruth and Bob Meusel didn't seem to need it. Ruth used the time signing baseballs for a lot of rich kids who had bought them in stores, and hadn't even played with them, while Meusel hit a few flies to the outfielders.

Baseball is a pretty simple game, really, but it was hard to explain to my father. Mr. Mulligan said the best thing he could do was just sit and watch. Although he took it easy during the warm-up, the Babe took a few swings during batting practice. He looked pretty big, all right, in the batter's box. Mr. Mulligan said he got the pivot he did because he had small feet.

Nothing much happened during the first few innings except a long argument about a called third strike. Then Heinie Manush, of the Omaha team, hit a home run that put the home team ahead. When the Babe came to bat they naturally tried to walk him, but he stepped across the plate and took a swing at a bad one, hitting a high foul ball. The first baseman and the catcher both made a run for it, and the catcher leaned into our box trying to reach it. He might have caught it, but just before he did Mr. Mulligan stood up and yelled "I got it!" and snagged it with his bare hands. That stirred up such a rhubarb it stopped the game, but Mr. Mulligan ended up with the ball.

In the seventh inning, to sort of liven things up, Babe Ruth came on to pitch and struck out Bob Meusel. This made Meusel so mad they let him come on to pitch against Babe Ruth. He had the count three and two, with everybody clapping when he tried to slip the Babe a fast one. Not many people saw it, including my father, who questioned if Bob Meusel ever really threw it, but everybody in the ball park *heard* it. Mr. Mulligan said he saw it over left centerfield, up there so high it didn't seem

to be moving, but there was no way to prove it ever came down.

The fielders just stood around with their backs to the stands while George Herman Ruth trotted around the bases, the umpires making sure he got one foot on every one of them. He was on his way to third, doffing his cap, when Mr. Mulligan slipped me the foul ball he had caught, hoisted me over the box seat rail, and said, "Go get him, kid!" He could have given it to his own son, but his instincts told him Joey would probably drop it, fall down, run the wrong way, or do something like that.

Being clear over on the first base side I had a long way to go. The Babe was rounding third, headed for the plate, before I got close enough to grab at him, but in the time it took me to get across the diamond quite a few other kids had the same idea. Some of them, as is bound to happen, were pretty big. When he saw what was happening, the Babe made a quick turn—for a man as big as he was—and headed for the dugout.

Some of those kids who couldn't get to the Babe got a grip on me. In the overall excitement, which was pretty fierce, I lost the foul ball I wanted him to autograph, but I came up with the pocket to his Yankee pants. According to the rules the game hadn't actually ended, still being in the first half of the seventh inning, but you can't play real pro ball with thousands of kids all over the diamond. I looked around for my father and Mr. Mulligan, but I didn't find them.

My father drove them home, and, lucky for me, Mr. Mulligan had gone to work by the time I made it. Mrs. Mulligan felt that after a good day's sleep he might not feel so bad about what had happened. Instead of a ball autographed by the King of Swat, which he had snagged barehanded, I had this piece of soiled, grass-stained flannel of no practical use.

What *earthly* good was Babe Ruth's pocket? It improved my luck. For example, on the following Fourth of July a dud Roman candle went off at the moment I was peering down the barrel. All

it did was burn off my eyebrows and make me smell like a singed chicken.

And I won so many marbles it was rumored I swiped them from the cases in the dime store basement. I had so many marbles I had to find a place to hide them, especially from Joey Mulligan. I hid them under the seat of my father's car. At first they rattled like a ping in the motor until I padded out the box using Babe Ruth's pocket. When they stopped rattling I forgot about them being under the seat.

When I've lost something and can't seem to find it, the first place I look is under the seat of the car, although I haven't found much but hairpins and pennies recently. I always look, however, and whenever I look I end up thinking of the Babe's pocket, and how the last thing in the world you would think has any value often turns out to be the one thing you really need. We were driving west out of Casper, Wyoming, when a blizzard came up. The clutch started slipping and it became a question of whether we would make it up the grade over the Great Divide to where we could coast or go along on the flat.

The car had a plate over the transmission and we took off the screws to get at the clutch. What people usually did under those circumstances was put a piece of leather in the right place and it would hold the clutch for a while. We didn't have any leather, but in feeling around under the seat I found my box of marbles, and inside it was that piece of flannel, Babe Ruth's pocket. It was just enough extra clutch lining to get us over the grade. A lot of people froze in that blizzard. But Babe Ruth's pocket pulled us through. □





by Ivor Smullen
illustrations by Doug Jackson

High Adventure in the Barbershop

After the day is over
And the passers-by are rare
The lights burn low
in the barber-shop
And the shades are drawn
with care
To hide the haughty barbers
Cutting each other's hair.

Morris Bishop
The Tales the Barbers Tell

WHEN W. C. Fields lived in a ramshackle mansion near Hollywood, he stationed among his dining-room furnishings a resplendent symbol of the Good Life: a barber's chair, complete with towel and aprons. In earlier days, he had made the discovery that getting a haircut was one of life's more sybaritic pleasures. Now he was able to ward off insomnia by leaning back in his commandeered chair and dropping off into a welcome doze.

Fields was clearly a barbershop connoisseur and, as such, probably appreciated the stature of the barber in the noble hierarchy of folk figures.

Unlike wizards and dragon-killers, the barber does not ostensibly seem to be the stuff of which legends are made. The fact is, though, that he hasn't done too badly; and, sociologically, he has few peers.

His salon has figured, in both

life and literature, as a unique haven from nagging wives and other assorted burdens—a miniature parliament whose debates on affairs of state, war, peace, and the winner of the next race, have become a ritual as formalistic as a fire dance.

One New York barber, Charles De Zelmer, even went so far as to claim in his autobiography, *Once Over Lightly,* that a barbershop was a splendid place in which to "incubate plots, hatch feuds or plan sudden attacks upon enemies."

The barber is also a classic figure in the field of entertainment. Circus clowns, for instance, used to insist on at least one barbershop sketch (later taken over by the slapstick movie-makers) in which the barber swabbed his victim's chin with a giant brush until both were blinded by great clouds of foam.

Unhappily, the barber has not always been accorded the respect you might consider due his position in town. In 1883, *The New York Times* complained: "There can be no such thing as a quiet Sunday so long as barbers are permitted to ply their trade. The hum of conversation of barbers while in the act of shaving their customers can be heard at sea at a distance of 13 miles, providing the wind is in the right direction."

If we are to be impartial, we have to admit that not every barber merits a scented halo. Standards of barbering can range from the brilliant to the perilous.

Literature is crammed with snide observations about the barber's razor. In a newspaper article back in 1920, an embryo writer named Ernest Hemingway was relating: ". . . I noticed that my barber had his left hand bandaged. 'How did you do that?' I asked. 'Darn near sliced my thumb off with the razor this morning,' he replied amiably."

Some barbers were villainous

Also listed in the tonsorial records are downright villainous barbers, though few in the United States ever attained the notoriety of England's legendary Sweeney Todd, who polished off his customers so that the pastry cook next door could convert them into meat pies. There was, however, a New York barber who pulled down his pole and used it to bludgeon an obstreperous customer. Distinctly more subtle was a St. Louis practitioner who developed a massage technique so soothing he was able to rob his clients as they slept.

In 1890, an Aurora (Missouri) newspaper even urged citizens to inspect the supports for any barbershop they might consider entering. The editorial advice came after the foundation of a local salon sank, leaving the shop in a state of tilt.

Barbers suffered, in the Victorian era, from an obsession with scientific aids. The dangers were dramatically demonstrated by a happening in a New York salon in

1874. The central figure was a William Vandarum, who dropped in to have his whiskers dyed. While he was in the chair, the barber obligingly applied some salve to a sore on his chin. Vandarum duly paid his bill, tipped his hat and made to depart.

As chance would have it, however, he tripped over the front step and fell headlong onto a walking plank. At this point a slight explosion was heard. People who ran to Vandarum's aid found that not a vestige of his newly dyed whiskers remained, and that his chin was severely bruised. A hole had also been blown through the two-inch plank.

Later, one of his physicians decided to play detective and went along to interview the barber, who was just as perplexed about the affair as everybody else. The barber mentioned the hair dye and mumbled something about the salve he had smeared on Vandarum's chin.

This latter snippet of information seemed to excite the doctor's curiosity. "I would like, if I may, to look at your salve." The subsequent examination brought him the solution. The salve had been made of glycerine, and the hair dye, for the most part, of nitrate of silver.

"The combining of the two chemicals," wrote a local reporter, "produced the most powerful and dangerous explosive of the 19th century—to wit, nitroglycerine." When Mr. Vandarum fell on his chin, the concussion had, it seemed, exploded the deadly compound.

Economically speaking, too, most barbers will confess that their trade is most hazardous. This is understandable. After all, during a depression, the barber is among the first to suffer. His services, unlike the plumber's or the electrician's can, in a pinch, be dispensed with by the financially embarrassed.

In the 19th century, the American barber also had to deal with the problem of undercutting. Among a number of New York "scabs" charging five cents a shave (half the usual fee) were "car drivers, hucksters and hod-carriers." This, claimed the 10-centers, accounted for the current large increase in hospital cases.

New law inflammatory

But a few inflationary years later, the barbers of Kansas were enraged by a new law restricting the charges for haircutting, whisker dyeing and shaving to 25, 15 and 10 cents, respectively. If this law were enforced, they said, they would all move to another state.

By the 1890s, barbers all over America were complaining of a novel blow to their business. The new bicycling craze, they said, was robbing them of customers. Young men who used to take their lady friends to the theater were now obsessed with the open-air life, for



which pathetically little grooming was required.

The unkindest cut of all, however, was administered by the invention of the safety razor, which enabled millions of erstwhile barbershop *habitués* to switch to shaving in their own bathrooms.

And then, finally, came the long-hair fad. In one year alone, a third of the total of barbershop employes in Boston were laid off, and, in a desperate fight for business, salons offered their clients free manicures and shoe shines.

All this is a great pity, especially when you think of the barber's long history, which, in a sense, goes right back to the world's first legendary barber, Mercury (god of merchandise), who, to operate on his poppa, Jupiter, invented the razor, washball and powder, leaving his theocratic parent to admire the result with pleasing informality in a stream.

Remember tradition. And support your neighborhood barber. □

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU FIND A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING BUT GLOVES

News from RVIA—The Recreation Vehicle Industry Association (RVIA) has produced a 20-page, four-color booklet, "The Way to Go," that provides basic information about RVs, including types of vehicles and how and where they're used. A special section lists sources for campground directories, governmental camping pamphlets, national camping magazines, condominium campgrounds, privately owned campground chains, camping clubs and more. Copies are available for $1 each from the RVIA Public Relations Department, P.O. Box 204, Chantilly, Virginia 22021.

Turkeyfest—Tom Turkey is the center of attention at an annual two-day celebration in Cuero, Texas. The festival, which grew out of visitor interest in the town's fall turkey drive, attracts 50,000 people and includes carnivals, home tours, continuous live entertainment, street dances, a turkey parade and a turkey race. This year's Turkeyfest will be held October 8-9.

Outdoor Reading—*Off and Walking* is a book for hikers, backpackers, naturalists and even armchair travelers. Written by Ruth Rudner, an experienced backpacker, it is both a practical how-to book—providing all the information necessary to plan and take a walking trip—and a personal journal—describing, day by day, seven exciting tours drawn from the author's diary as she went "off and walking" in America. Published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, the book is priced at $9.95 (hardcover) and $4.95 (paperback).

Energy Information—The Alabama Space and Rocket Center, the world's largest and most complete space museum, has recently been designated as a public energy information center, and has added several innovative exhibits related to energy research. Visitor-activated solar and hot air energy systems are displayed at the center. Outside the museum, among the gigantic full-size rockets and missiles in Rocket Park, is a solar furnace, generating its heat from tracking the sun. Solar panels mounted atop the roof of the Space Center's snack bar provide heat to make "solar brewed coffee," which you can drink inside. For further information write: Alabama Space and Rocket Center, Tranquility Base, Huntsville, Alabama 35807.

Sound reasons why a Ford factory-

There are a lot of reasons to insist on a Ford factory-installed radio in your next car. Three of the reasons are brand new in some '78 models. An all-new 40-channel CB with all controls in the power microphone and the chassis mounted in a hard-to-reach location to help prevent theft; an AM/FM stereo radio with cassette tape player featuring fast forward, fast reverse and an automatic "tape-saver ejection system"; and a new AM radio/digital clock combination. Or you can choose from other great factory-installed radios Ford offers.



40-CHANNEL CB TRANSCEIVER



AM/FM STEREO WITH CASSETTE TAPE PLAYER



AM RADIO WITH DIGITAL CLOCK

Whichever you select, you can be assured that it is a sound system designed and manufactured to the highest standards and specifications, and thoroughly tested by skilled Ford engineers. Trim components are matched to the interior of your new car. And with factory installation the interior won't have to be torn up to install speakers and then



installed radio is your better idea.

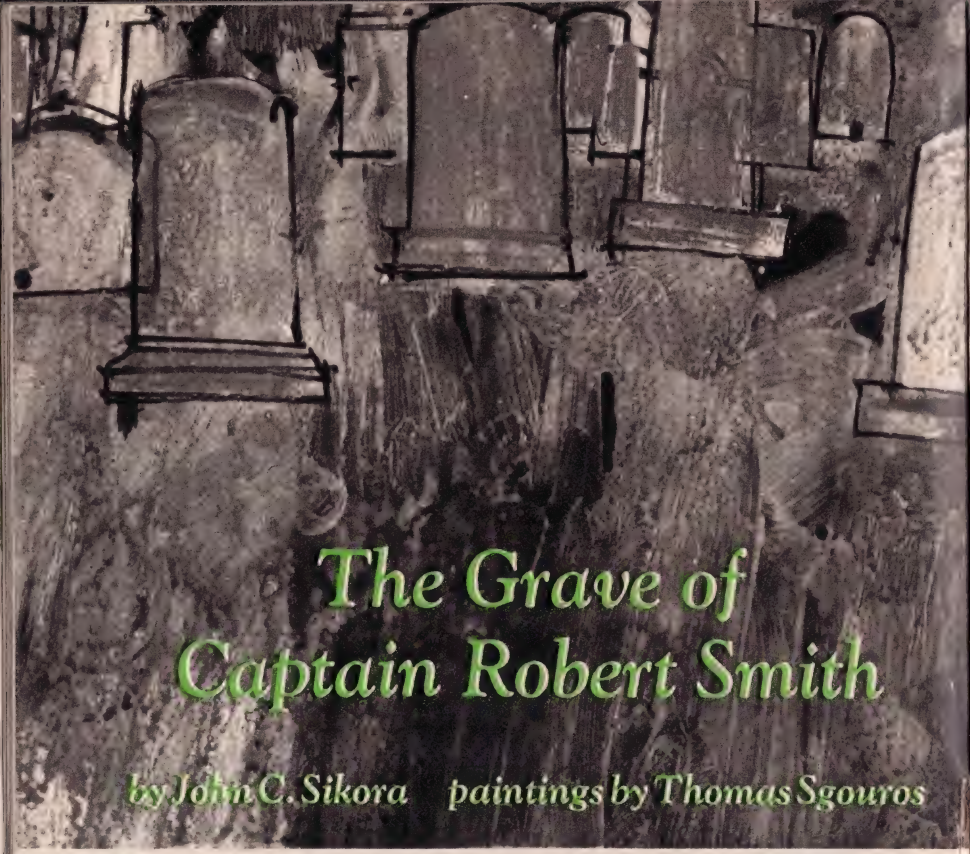
patched back together. Every Ford sound system is designed, engineered and manufactured for your new car — it will sound just right for you.

Tune into Ford, for factory-installed quality and performance.

Ford
75TH ANNIVERSARY

Electrical and
Electronics Division



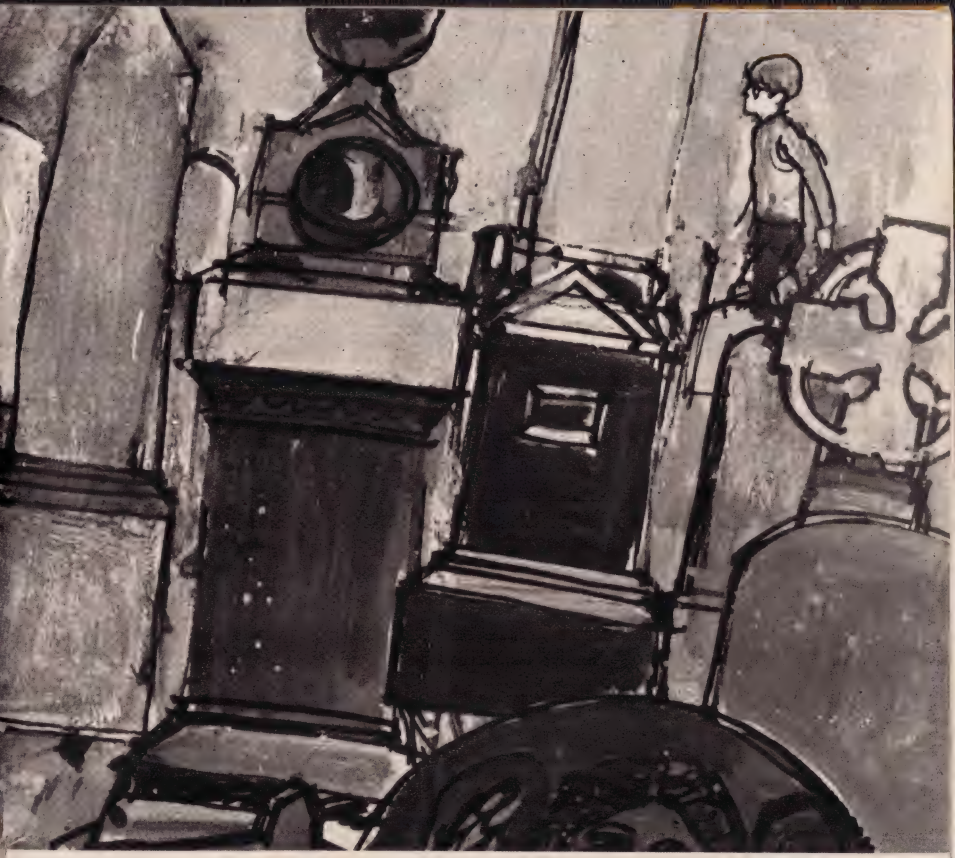


The Grave of Captain Robert Smith

by John C. Sikora paintings by Thomas Sgouros

IT SEEMED to me that growing up in Waterford, Connecticut, was pretty dull, but there was one saving grace: The town was adjacent to New London. I was especially glad that we lived on the town line, along the fringes of Bates' Woods, which meant that it was an easy walk into the city where a boy could see ships and submarines and talk to real-life sailors.

There were two paths from our house to town: through Bates' Woods, which meant getting your feet wet in the swamps, or else through the mammoth Cedar Grove Cemetery. When the bright sunshine of a springtime afternoon gave me the courage, I would slip over the chain-link fence incon-



gruously set against the moss-dotted, brownstone grave markers. Just inside the fence there is an ancient gravestone whose inscription I didn't read until the winter I met Charlie Smith.

Charlie was around 73 that year. He was retired and he spent nearly all his time at the old Bates' Woods Nature Center to help tend the animals. He remains a grand figure in my thoughts, tall and trim, always smartly attired in vintage sweaters slung over woolen lumberman shirts. His gnarled fingers often caressed and comforted countless frightened creatures who, had it not been for him, might have died in their cages. It didn't take me long to decide that



Charlie was my best friend.

That winter, the parks department set up a public address system atop the monkey house, and each evening between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day, it was Charlie's task to broadcast recorded Christmas music on the system. The blasting carols shot like cannon, rattling my mother's china chest, causing the rows of model ships on my bedroom walls to list, and signaling me that Charlie was at the zoo. Thus, many a thundering *Silent Night* bombarded me out of a homework assignment and lured

me into the frigid, resounding night. On those evenings when I joined Charlie, we drank Cokes and swept out monkey cages, and I listened to his tales about his ancestors and the whaling days in New London.

Charlie's grandfather was the senior partner in the Smith and Perkins Whaling Company, an enterprise that had its beginnings in the days before the War of 1812 when, on a balmy spring day, Robert Smith, Charlie's great uncle, took his first whale from Long Island Sound. He was hunting alone, in a rowboat!

Charlie's aunt close second

Captain Robert was Charlie's favorite subject, but his Aunt Chelsea was a very close second. Aunt Chelsea was born aboard a whaling vessel and had "sea legs" all her life because she "never touched dry land till she had learned to walk" and was almost four years old. She had the devil's own time recording her place of birth on official forms and documents thrust upon her by bureaucrats who refused to accept "somewhere off the coast of New Guinea" as a legitimate response.

On those cold nights in the overheated monkey house, I couldn't help being caught up in the wondrous stream of Charlie's stories about shanghaied sailors, the loneliness of wives and children left behind, and violent death at sea—all a part of the bitter and glorious legacy of the Smiths, New London and, to be sure, America. It was on such a night that I learned of the empty grave and the secret it kept.

Robert B. Smith was born in New London in 1794. He was one of five brothers destined to become legendary whaling men. Before Robert had reached adolescence, he lost his father and eldest brother to the sea, but instead of intimidating him, the sea still beckoned. It was a powerful lure from which nothing could dissuade him, not his mother nor Commodore Hardy who ordered New London harbor blockaded by the British fleet in 1812. Despite Hardy's warning that anyone venturing into Long Island Sound would be jailed, 18-year-old Robert and some companions set out on a whale hunt down the Thames in a small boat. A vicious storm blew up that afternoon, and the boys failed to return. Elizabeth Smith was certain that her son had drowned.

Several days passed with no word of Robert or his comrades, and Widow Smith was at her wits' end. In her torment, she sought the advice of Moll Corey at the town almshouse. It was believed that Moll had occult powers and was able to tell the whereabouts of persons lost at sea, a specialty awarding her a dubious distinction in a community so closely linked with ocean voyages.

Moll comforted Mrs. Smith with the prophecy that Robert was alive in a dark place where he could never see the sun. She advised that this place was in a foreign country. But Moll also predicted that the lost boy would soon come home, in the darkest hours of the night, and that he would be wet, bareheaded, and without shoes on his feet.

Prophecy comes true

Several months later, shortly after midnight and in the middle of a severe thunderstorm, Robert Smith stood knocking at his mother's door and he had neither hat nor shoes! After warming him with hugs and kisses, his mother assembled the household by the fire to hear him relate his adventure. He *had* been taken prisoner by the British and transported to Dartmoor Prison in England where he was kept in a windowless cell. Finally, he was released as an exchange prisoner, but the ship carrying him home was wrecked off New Haven in the storm that now raged outside. He managed to swim ashore and walk to New London. He lost his cap while swimming and his badly worn shoes fell off during the trek home. Thus Moll Corey's prophecy had come true; at least Elizabeth Smith was convinced, and she no doubt had some influence in convincing her son of Moll's power because, although he took pains to deny it, he never again set sail without first consulting Moll, albeit in secret.

After the war Robert shipped out as foremost hand on a number of vessels. In 1821, he was made captain of the brig *Mary*, and, as her skipper, he proved himself a highly efficient master and whale hunter. By 1827, he had broken all of the town's record hauls. When he signed on the *Caledonia* in August 1827, her owners were delighted, but it was a fateful decision.

Before his embarkation that summer, Captain Smith visited the almshouse, but try as she did, Moll was unable to get a clear reading from her cards. She warned him that there was grave danger in the expedition, but she could only see a long and dreadful snake.

The voyage of the *Caledonia* was an unhappy one from the start. The captain was soon confined to his cabin with "rheumatism," and no whales were seen during the entire first year at sea. Then, on December 28, 1828, the sluggish crew was mobilized by the cry of a sighting. Captain Smith pulled himself out of his sick bed and took command. He ordered out the boats, but the gangs were unable to make a strike. Exasperated, Captain Smith jumped aboard a boat and, manning a harpoon, engineered the pursuit of the whale. He soon struck the monster which, in its agony, carried the whaleboat on a "Nantucket sleighride," and

in the frenzied action, his foot became entangled in the harpoon line (Moll's long and dreadful snake?) and he was wrenched overboard by the sounding whale. Although the shaken hands of the *Caledonia* stood by for two hours, all they recovered of their captain was his hat.

The *Caledonia* did not return to New London until 1831, but other vessels operating off the Desolation Islands carried home the tragic news. It remains as unclear as Moll's own cards whether or not the townspeople learned of the prophecy from the fortune-teller herself, or if perhaps Robert might have revealed the contents of his final consultation with the cards. Whatever the case, the affair was the talk of the town for many years and Moll's glory grew.



Cemetery held proof

On the night he told me the story of Robert Smith's death, Charlie sensed that despite my fascination I held onto an element of incredulity. Always a bit sensitive about his credibility, Charlie insisted we walk up to the cemetery where I could see the "proof." We trudged through the snow that bit at our ankles as we made our way into the old section of the cemetery. Standing there as stiff and cold as one of the ancient monuments, I watched as Charlie played his flashlight over the weatherbeaten face of the tombstone. There, barely visible, is etched the simple fact that Captain Robert Smith was pulled overboard by a whale off New Caledonia on December 28, 1828. There is no mention of Moll Corey, but as Charlie's flashlight danced along the long row of gravestones belonging to the whaling Smiths and a distant fog horn sounded through the icy dark, I imagined that I heard a woman's voice laughing. □

by Michael E. Maattala



Fairmont

The Ford in Your Future



THE 1978 FAIRMONT is not just a new car—it's a new-idea car. Ford's latest innovation, it offers the economy of little cars and nearly the room of the newest full-size cars at surprisingly low prices.

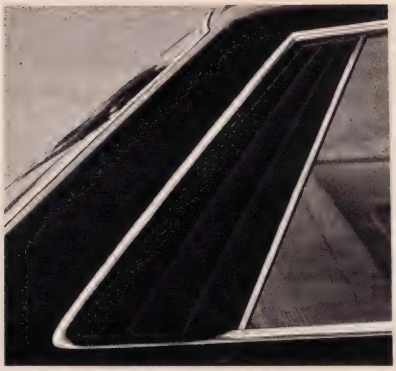
Fairmont represents a complete family of cars. Three models are available—a two-door sedan, four-door sedan and station wagon.

All-new in design, Fairmont features single rectangular headlamps, lightweight aluminum bumpers, thin roof pillars and a large glass area. Fairmont's "right size" begins with a 105.5-inch wheelbase and an overall length of 193.8 inches. The roomy interior seats five six-footers, while the flat trunk floor with spare tire underneath helps

Left: Bucket seats are standard with 2.3-litre engine. Below: Fairmont two-door sedan with Exterior Decor Group









create nearly 17 cubic feet of storage space. The four-door station wagon boasts nearly 80 cubic feet of storage space and is a timely addition to the Ford Wagonmaster fleet, fitting in between the full-size Ford LTD wagon and the subcompact Pinto wagon.

For ride and handling, engineers equipped the Fairmont with a unique coil-strut front suspension and a coil link rear suspension. Both rack-and-pinion steering and front disc brakes come standard.

The standard powerteam for sedans consists of a 2.3-litre overhead cam engine and a floor-mounted four-speed manual transmission. Also available are a 3.3-litre (200-CID) 1V six-cylinder engine with a floor-mounted three-speed manual transmission (standard on wagon), and a 5.0-litre (302-CID) 2V V-8 mated with the SelectShift automatic transmission. SelectShift also is available with the 2.3- and 3.3-litre engines.

Inside, Fairmont comes with cut-pile carpeting and standard vinyl bucket seats (a vinyl bench seat is included on all models with the 3.3- and 5.0-litre engines). For driver convenience, controls for the horn, turn signals, dimmer switch and wiper/washer all are mounted on

Options available include (top to bottom) bright, sculptured mirrors that blend smoothly with Fairmont's styling, quarter-window ventilation louvers and, for the wagon, a lockable cargo-area side storage box

Fairmont four-door sedan with Exterior Accent Group (above) and station wagon with Squire Option

the steering column.

A variety of option groups are available for you to "design" Fairmont the way you want it. Two dress-up options are the Interior Accent Group and the Exterior Accent Group. The Interior Accent Group consists of pleated vinyl seat trim (cloth optional), door trim with bright accents, deluxe steering wheel hub, woodgrain instrument panel appliqué and sound package. The Exterior Accent Group provides bright belt moldings, bright window frames, wheel-lip moldings, rocker panel moldings, deluxe wheel covers, a hood ornament and a bright left-hand outside mirror.

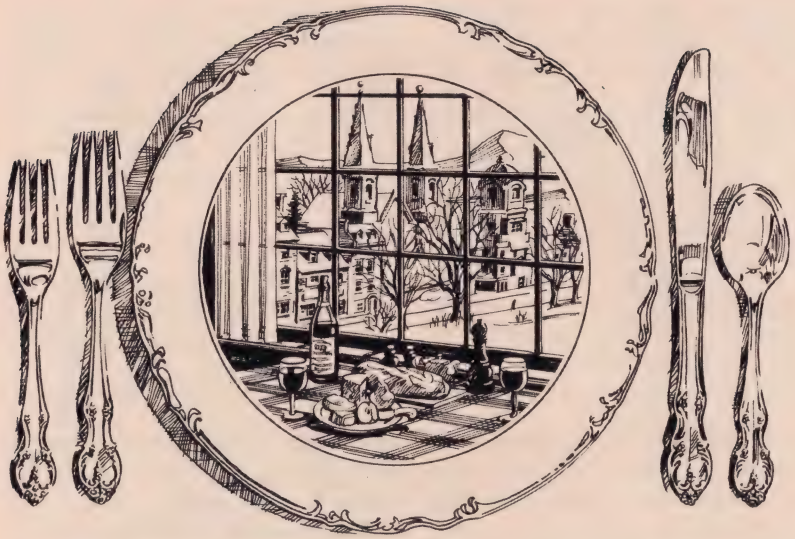
Two groups designed to provide extra elegance are the Exterior Decor Group and the Interior Decor Group. The former includes bright belt moldings, bright window frames, vinyl-insert lower bodyside and integral upper wheel-lip moldings, body accent paint stripes, bright left-hand remote-control mirror, bright right-hand mirror, turbine wheelcovers and a hood ornament. The Interior Decor Group provides: flight bench seat with armrest, deluxe cloth trim (vinyl on wagons), deluxe door trim with bright accents and carpeted lower portion, deluxe steering wheel hub and more.

Buyers interested in the sporty look will appreciate the eye-catching European Sports Option. A Squire Option for the station wagon provides buyers with woodtone vinyl on the bodysides, deluxe wheel covers, bright window frames, bright belt moldings, bright left-hand mirror, hood ornament and "Squire" script.

To further personalize your Fairmont, numerous other options are offered. Buyers may select from a list that includes pivoting front vent windows, air conditioning, power brakes and variable-ratio power rack-and-pinion steering. Heading a complete lineup of optional radio entertainment systems is a new unit: an AM/FM stereo cassette tape radio.

Fairmonts pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options: Exterior Decor Group, vinyl roof, wire wheel covers, white sidewall tires, Deluxe Bumper Group, Interior Accent Group, Exterior Accent Group, body accent paint stripes, forged aluminum wheels, Squire Option, luggage rack, turbine wheel covers, dual bright mirrors, automatic transmission, Convenience Group, quarter-window ventilation louvers, cargo-area side storage box, AM/FM stereo radio. □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.



Great Little Restaurants in the Laurentians

by Nicole Bourgoin

illustrations by Larry McManus

IT WILL come as a surprise to lovers of fine restaurants that there exists in North America a virtually unknown pocket of culinary excellence. The pocket consists of perhaps two dozen restaurants in the Laurentian Mountains from 40 to 70 miles north of Montreal. They have their customers who make pilgrimages to them, but by and large they are known only to the townspeople who live near them, to the skiers who happen not to be staying in the major resorts of the area, and to such travelers as wander into them in other seasons.

These restaurants of the Laurentians are essentially French and they are wonderful. They are not to be compared to the gastronomic temples of New York, New Orleans and San Francisco, for they are rustic, woodsy and simple. One

finds their equivalent in the small towns of France. Their cuisine is not *haute* and their settings and decor are rarely chic, but they adhere to consistently high standards of what a good meal should be and it would be hard to find their equal in many small towns of the continent.

Curiously enough, one of their champions is a man who in a way is one of their competitors. He is Jean Dufresne, owner of La Sapinière, the first-class resort in the Laurentian town of Val David. Because he himself is celebrated for the superiority of his table, it was interesting to hear him say, "You know, there are many fine small restaurants in the hill towns around here."

Some of the restaurants are off by themselves on side roads, others are in the little towns strung out along the Laurentian Autoroute. A good example of the latter is La Mansarde, in Ste. Agathe. The main street of the town is just that —a main street with its usual assortment of shops and stores. But among the businesses are three or four restaurants. As in all communities and countries where the preparation of food is a highly respected art, the restaurants have their menus posted in the front window. We chose La Mansarde because we happened to be passing it when we felt ready for lunch.



The menu was not especially elaborate but it listed several items that were memorable. Not only were there snails, but there were two kinds—one the traditional dish prepared with garlic, butter and parsley, the other decidedly unusual in that its sauce had a hint of Pernod or anise. There was a truffled pâté, rich and meaty from the pork and veal that went into it. There were scallops in white wine. And there was a *terrine forestière,* served in a small clay pot and redolent of mushrooms, snails, fresh herbs, butter and finely chopped parsley. Can you imagine any of this showing up in a small town in the States or elsewhere in rural Canada? Not very likely. And La Mansarde, mind you, is an everyday place where the locals eat and accept this sublime food as a matter of course.

On a hilly side road east of Ste. Adèle there is an old farmhouse given over to a small restaurant called L'Os Qui Fume. The name

is hard to render in English—something like The Smoking Bone, but the heading on the menu, "Oubliez vos Soucis," is easy—Forget your Cares. This simplest of places is owned by Denise and Jean-Pierre Frange, she a Canadian, he a native of France.

The menu lists a house pâté—naturally. Every French restaurant in the world has a pâté and in some way each differs from the others in its deliciousness. Here, too, there are snails and superb French bread to sop up the garlic butter in which they were cooked. The Frange menu has at least two memorable items. One is *le chabrol du limousin,* a rich cabbage soup. You are supposed to eat the cabbage and leave some of the soup. Then Denise or Jean-Pierre comes around and rinses your plate with red Burgundy. You then finish the dish either with your soup spoon or by raising the plate and drinking right out of it. The other marvelous item is *la chaudrée Gaspésienne,* or chowder of the Gaspé. It contains eight kinds of fish and shellfish—rather like a bouillabaisse—and is served with a shredded cheese topping. The word for it is hearty. Have it for lunch and it will be a long time before you think about dinner.

If anyone had the temerity to select a favorite from among the many small restaurants of the Laurentians, it might very well be La S'Caramouche, which is situated in a private house on a hillside in Val David. The owner and chef is François Cara, a native of the Rhone Valley, who started the place with a partner named Mouche, hence the name, which is a pun on a play called *Scaramouche,* by Molière. Cara was trained in Geneva and came to Montreal to work in a restaurant at Expo 68. When that was over he stayed in Canada to make it on his own.

The result is a remarkable dining establishment. The food is first class, of uncompromising richness. Cara goes to extraordinary lengths to obtain his ingredients, developing his own sources for such succulent rarities as the sausage called *andouillette* and for French bread that is unmatched for flavor. He grows his own salad greens, has access to a private trout pond, serves small game in season and goes to Montreal regularly for his veal and beef.

Dinner at S'Caramouche opens



with *rillettes* (pronounced ree-ett), a potted pork that you spread on bread and which literally melts in your mouth. The next course could be snails in a cream or a sauce scented with tarragon. Next there might be a Lyonnaise onion soup on a chicken base, with a hint of brandy, or a *soupe du pays d'en haut* (high-country soup), which is a beef-based vegetable soup served with marrow. If you select veal for a main course, you will be served veal that has been browned to enhance the flavor, flamed in brandy and garnished with a parsley-cream sauce.

Classic though Cara's cuisine is, he doesn't shy away from imaginative—even daring—touches. For example, you might finish the meal with *crème anglaise,* in which the flavor of strawberries has been enhanced with a touch of pepper. The top of Cara's menu reads *"Ne serez-pas pressé"*—"Don't be in a hurry." Sage advice when dining amidst such culinary splendor.



The farthest north we went was the town of Mt. Tremblant, known everywhere for its resort called The Lodge, but the site of another of the great little restaurants, L'Auberge 1896. It was once the town bakery, and the open kitchen is dominated by a huge brick oven. It might also be said to be dominated by the huge personality of its owner and chef, Pierre Minville, a Canadian with no formal training as a cook but with an overpowering love of fine food and a natural French ability to absorb culinary knowledge from his surroundings. The food is very hearty and *Québecois.* You have only to order his cream of clam soup and *la pintade aux amandes* (guinea hen with almonds) and eat them with the bread he bakes practically on order (and brings to the table with a small handsaw for slicing) to know you are dining memorably.

One could go on: Nicky's, in Ste. Marguerite (a wide range of seafoods); La Table Ronde, in Mont Rolland (just French—and fine); Restaurant La Baratte, in St. Sauveur (French—and fine) . . .

A person whose love of fine food gives him the fortitude to go on like this for three or four days is likely to go home with stars in his eyes and a wish to retire to a corner and eat nothing but tea and toast for a week. □

America's Interest in Vans: IT'S VANTASTIC

by Richard L. Routh



Holly Hedrich, Hot Rod *publisher*

SOME call it "vanomania," the growing nationwide interest in customizing vehicles such as Ford's E-series Econoline Vans. Holly Hedrich, publisher of *Hot Rod* magazine, called it "vantastic" after he and his editors helped customize 93 Ford E-150 Econoline Vans for giveaway prizes in a recent sweepstakes contest sponsored by Coca-Cola and its bottlers.

The contest drew 3½ million entries. (Entrants merely filled out entry blanks and mailed them with specified proof of Coke purchases.) As a result, *Advertising Age* cited the contest as one of the year's two most successful sales promotions.

Coca-Cola asked for *Hot Rod's* help because of the magazine's large following of van owners. "Every time we run a customized van on the cover, our magazine sales zoom up," says Hedrich. The magazine regularly features how-to-do-it van conversions. *Hot Rod* also is read by more young adults 18 to 34 years old—the age group that owns nearly 90 per cent of the customized vans in America—than any other auto magazine.

The customized Ford E-150s were called Denimachines—each worth more than $18,000. *Hot Rod* editors incorporated into the Denimachines "some of the wildest customizing dreams" of their magazine's more than 2,400,000 readers. The Denimachines featured some of the finest equipment from 27

The Denimachine



after-market van-product entrepreneurs—everything from special paint, spoilers and sunroofs to lounges with refrigerators, blue-denim settee-sleepers and television.

The following is from an interview with Hedrich about vans.

Q. Why was the Ford Econoline Van selected for the contest?

A. Coca-Cola requested the Ford van because it's so popular for customizing. For example, about 40 per cent of the 5,400 vans at the National Street Van Association's truck-in last year in Bowling Green, Kentucky, were Fords.

Q. The auto industry should easily sell a record half million vans this year. How many of these vans will be customized?

A. We have a clue from a survey of performance warehouse distributors: Their sales of products for customizing vans rose from six per cent in 1975 to 12 per cent last year and are running about 16 per cent this year.

Q. How did the custom van movement begin?

A. Originally, the van served only as a utility vehicle. Then, in 1973, California surfers began using Volkswagen buses for transporting their surfing boards and to sleep in at the beach. The surfers began fixing up their vehicles, and the romance with the van caught on and spread across the country.

Q. Why so much interest in van customizing?

A. It gives the owner an opportunity to be creative and represents an extension of his personality. The customized van owner works very hard at being different. He spends hours spiffing up his van, and he's willing to spend thousands of dollars on it—maybe $3,000 just for an outside mural.

Q. What's the average investment in a customized van?

A. About $9,000.

Q. Aren't most vans thought of as sin bins?

A. Vanners aren't perfect but that's a bad rap. Despite trying to be different, the average van owner is a respectable member of the establishment and conducts himself accordingly. He's about 26, married with perhaps a child or two and earns about $16,000 a year.

Q. But aren't vans on their way out in light of the energy crunch?

A. If sailing a boat is your thing and the price of sails doubles, what do you do? You still buy sails. The price of gasoline could double without discouraging the vanner.

Q. What do you believe will happen to van sales over the next five to 10 years?

A. The availability of vehicles in their present size is the key. If the government forces us into mini vans, I would say we have a problem. The movement would continue but then larger used vehicles would become premium items, very much in demand. Otherwise, I believe van sales are going to continue to grow. □

by Judith A. Eldridge
photos by Leonard P. Johnson



IMAGINE A TOWN being famous for underwear! Cedar Springs, Michigan, 20 miles north of Grand Rapids, owes its fame to just that. The underwear is red flannel, and during the second weekend of October the 1,800 residents of the town let it show—in fact, flaunt it at a festival they call Red Flannel Days. In addition, they have parades, a melodrama, a band festival, a balloon ascension, contests, all manner of hoopla and, of course, a red flannel queen.

In Honor of RED FLANNEL



Gerald R. Ford, who used to be Congressman from this district, has a suit of Cedar Springs red underwear, and there are people in Alaska, Saudi Arabia, California, Canada and Spain who have them. Cedar Springs has every right to call itself the Red Flannel Town, and it does so often and with pride.

Cedar Springs wasn't always known for its underwear; in fact, it started out as a lumbering town. It wasn't until those two New York ladies who'd taken over the local weekly newspaper ran a story about the town's abundance of long underwear that attention was really drawn to Cedar Springs.

Some disapproved notoriety

Not everyone approved of this new notoriety. "Our town was founded with propriety," one town lady sniffed indignantly, "and they blew it all with one story about underwear." Nevertheless, there were others who found more value than shock in being known as "Skivvy Springs," and got behind the girls' promotional idea.

This is the story of how it all came about.

Lumbering had faded out in Cedar Springs when Grace Hamilton and Nina Babcock arrived in 1932 as the new owners of the newspaper. Nina had been writing for *The Nation*, a New York magazine, and Grace was editor of a newspaper there. But the girls had always wanted a paper of their own and on a trip through the East and into Michigan, Nina found the *Cedar Springs Clipper* for sale.

Now 1932 wasn't a very good year for a new venture, and, anyway, the people in town were a little wary of these two big-city girls. The first years were tough, what with the Depression, the failure of the local bank (taking the girls' savings with it) and reluctance on the part of some of the citizens to accept them.

Then one day, during the cold winter of 1936, Nina read an article in *The New York Sun* that a search all the way to Columbus, Ohio, for some old-fashioned long underwear had failed to turn up any. Well, there were red flannel long johns to be had in Cedar Springs and Nina sat down and wrote an editorial saying so. New York, she said, didn't have everything after all. The story was picked up by the Associated Press and before they knew it, checks and orders for red flannels were pouring in.

There wasn't any factory producing underwear in Cedar Springs and efforts to get some woolen manufacturer to set one up were unsuccessful. So Mrs. Mae Oppenneer opened up a shop in her home.

In those days, Cedar Springs held a Farmer's Day in September, and had ever since 1916, the area being sustained by farming after the decline of the lumber industry. All kinds of events were staged—pie eating, nail driving, fire hose battles,








MATHERS
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foot races and vaudeville.

Now had come the new underwear business to revive the town, so in November 1939, a Red Flannel Days festival was held to celebrate. Those first festivals in honor of red flannel had a lumberjack theme, with rail splitting, wood piling and a clothes line race. Even the queen and her court wore lumberjack clothes.

After a few years, Farmer's Day and Red Flannel Days were merged into one festival held in October.

Orders for red underwear kept coming in, more every year, and Mrs. Oppenneer moved her sewing machine to a second-floor shop downtown. In 1952, Sally Wall bought the business and moved it to her garage. She moved it around, upstairs and out to the barn, always into bigger quarters as sales steadily rose from the summer people, festival visitors and mail orders.



Just as the town came to accept its fame as the home of red flannel underwear, so it came, too, to accept Nina and Grace, though there were still a few who refused to give in all the way.

"One woman stopped by to see the new house we built," Nina recalls. "She said it looked like a sheep shed." And Nina laughs about it still. A small sign still hangs by the front door reading simply, "Clipper Girls," though Grace died several years ago.

Neither ever married

Neither of the girls ever married. They sold the paper in 1955 but they'd had a hand in starting the town library, community center and numerous other civic projects, and their interest didn't stop just because they weren't publishing the news anymore.

In the days when he was a Congressman, Jerry Ford used to attend the festival, eating with the folks at the lumberjack suppers, marching in the parades and sometimes crowning the queen. The day after he was named Vice President-designate, he kept his date to appear in the parade. In 1974, Nina went to Grand Rapids and presented the President with a new pair of long red underwear, dubbing him a "Knight of the Red Flannel

Drawers."

When Sally Wall and her husband retired in 1971, a group of Cedar Springs residents formed a corporation and bought the factory. It was soon moved to a building back downtown where the front is a retail shop, the back a sewing room and the upstairs a cutting area.

Keith Wisner is manager of the corporation today. There are about 40 stockholders, none of whom is allowed to have more than 10 per cent of the stock.

Eighteen employes, more than half of them seamstresses, keep the shop supplied with the long red underwear (now in cotton and polyester knit material). And there are granny gowns, pajamas, nightshirts, children's clothes, Christmas stockings, karate robes, potholders, ladies' fancy garters, robes, rugs, sleeve garters, nightcaps, doll clothes and the newest line, muslin gowns.

There's also a Red Flannel Shoppe in nearby Rockford and an outlet at a shop on Torch Lake in the northern part of Michigan's Lower Peninsula. Much of the business is by mail order.

The lumberjack supper and queen pageant this year will be October 1. There will be tours of the factory all week (people are always welcome to visit any weekday anyway).

Red Flannel Days this year will be October 7-8. Saturday morning there'll be a band concert with 15 area bands participating, and the





annual road run, a 10-mile foot race with the runners wearing—red flannels, of course. There's a chicken barbecue, Kangaroo Kourt, arts and crafts show and other events. At 3 p.m. is the big parade.

Nina will be there as usual. And the Kops, riding around town in an ancient red fire truck. There will be, as usual, a lot of out-of-town visitors. If you plan to be among them, wear some red. □

Making Hay on Weekends



The work is grueling but the camaraderie on this Wisconsin farm makes it all worthwhile

by Patricia Skalka

illustrations by Fred Browning

IT IS AN ODYSSEY we began long ago, and continue every year. I remember the drive when it took eight hours from Chicago, when there were no expressways, when the triangular Blatz beer sign along U.S. 41 signaled the entrance to Wisconsin and every red barn looked like Grandma's farm. Through Oshkosh, Weyauwega, Waupaca we went—each town the same, each





with its park, gazebo, and courthouse clock tower. Each one slowing the car to a painful crawl past a two-story Gimble's, yet bringing us closer to the farm we loved so much.

There was no order to our journeys. Cousins, aunts, uncles came, arriving to spend one week or an entire summer. There was always room. We shared bedrooms, slept on mattresses on the living room floor, carried pillows and blankets to the hayloft, ate in shifts around the huge kitchen table—and we worked.

I think it amazed the other farmers in the area. Their children—our friends—did the same, but not with the spirit, the pure sense of delight we took in our labor. We, of course, were too busy to be amazed, but I doubt that any of us ever really understood the attractions the farm held. We still don't—and so we keep coming back.

Our time is limited now, and so are our energies. We don't milk the cows as we used to, or bring in the silage and grain. We don't clean the milking machines anymore or haul manure out of the barn with a wheelbarrow—an automatic barn cleaner does that now. We aren't there for plowing and disking, for carrying new-born calves in from the pasture or teaching them to drink milk from buckets.

Our forays are limited to a few weekends. We make the five-hour drive to Mosinee, Wisconsin, for weddings, for 25th anniversaries, and for baling hay.

The work is grueling. The hay is cut, crimped (fluffed and squeezed to rid it of excess moisture), raked in windrows, baled, stacked on the wagon, driven to the barn, unloaded onto a conveyor and piled in the loft. A bale weighs a minimum of 50 pounds. It is lifted, carried and shoved at least three times as it proceeds from field to barn. And each summer, there are thousands of bales. First crop, second crop—perhaps even a third is cut—before the clover and alfalfa are exhausted for the year.

My uncle and his wife do much of the work themselves. In a week, perhaps longer, they bring in 1,000 bales of hay; in a weekend, we do the same—remembering how we used to do it all. Out in the field from 10 o'clock in the morning until 8 or 9 o'clock at night, the hours dictated by the weather: rain, dew, wind, sun,

temperature.

It is always hot; sweat seeps from every pore, trapping chaffes of hay over every inch of the body. A cold beer helps, momentarily; a shower would be better.

There is nothing refreshing about baling hay; it probably shouldn't even be fun. The twine cuts your hands, the stalks poke and scratch; the dust climbs into your eyes. There is nothing exciting about baling hay; it is repetitious, monotonous work.

One-two, one-two, one-two, the tractor pulling forward, the baler stepping back a half step each time, slowed by the weight of the grass passing through, by the process of tieing the knots in the twine, and thrusting the bale up the chute to the wagon.

Yet, it's wonderful. The sameness is relaxing, comforting. We are all different now, the people who come to the farm—there is a tool and die maker from Minneapolis, a Chicago hairdresser, an electrical engineer, two writer-editors, two high school students, and a guest auditor. But on the wagon, we are all the same.

We pass the jug of water eagerly, letting the cool liquid run down our chins in memory of days past. Someone remembers the load that came in stacked 11-high, an all-time record; the Polish dances we used to go to—one dollar to get in, all the beer you could drink. We talk about May Lou—one of the tractors—and the year she was repainted; about old Shep, found dead one morning behind the wagon and later buried under a stand of pine trees. We toss bottles of beer to each other, shout orders, share hats, and laugh, pretending the day is not almost over, planning already to return.

Why, I ask? How much better to spend a weekend in an air conditioned apartment or lying on a sandy beach, doing nothing. There is, in fact, a small lake near the farm where we can swim and always promise we'll go. But we seldom do. There isn't enough time for that. Instead, as night falls, we sit by the picnic table looking at the stars, amazed at how totally dark it is away from the city. We can see the barn outlined against the sky, the loft doors open, the conveyor waiting quietly for tomorrow . . . and more hay. □



Favorite Recipes
FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS

BY NANCY KENNEDY



FOURNOU'S OVENS
SAN FRANCISCO
CALIFORNIA

This unique restaurant's massive tile-faced open-hearth ovens produce roasts of every description, served with accompaniments of continental cuisine and offerings from an extensive wine cellar. The restaurant is on the first level of the elegant Stanford Court Hotel on Nob Hill at the corner of California and Powell streets where San Francisco's cable car lines cross. Dinner served every night from 6 to 11 p.m. Reservations necessary for both dinner and hotel accommodations.

Roast Duckling with Green Peppercorns and Kumquat Sauce

3 ducks (about 4-5 pounds each), dressed
1 large onion, coarsely chopped
2 stalks celery, cut in one-inch slices
6 carrots, peeled, sliced
Salt, pepper to taste
1 quart box fresh kumquats
¼ cup vinegar
½ pound sugar, granulated
1 cup fresh orange juice
¼ cup fresh lemon juice
½ teaspoon crushed black peppercorns
1 bay leaf
1 small sprig thyme
1 small leek, sliced fine
1 pint demi-glacé (brown sauce)
½ cup tomato paste
1 jigger Cointreau or Grand Marnier
2 tablespoons green peppercorns

Wipe and dry ducks. Divide onion, celery and carrots in thirds and fill each duck cavity with the vegetables. Sprinkle with salt, pepper. Roast ducks at 425° for 45 minutes on rack to allow fat to drain off. Peel half of the kumquats, removing all pulp from peel. Cut peels in fine julienne, cover with boiling water for 1 minute, drain and reserve. In a sauce pan over medium heat, cook vinegar and sugar until it begins to caramelize. Add orange and lemon juice and the pulp from peeled kumquats. Cook till liquid reduces about one-fourth. Add the kumquat julienne, crushed peppercorns, bay leaf, thyme and leek. Simmer until golden brown. Then add the demi-glacé (brown sauce) and tomato paste. Simmer, stirring occasionally, for one hour. Strain through a fine sieve and add the liqueur and whole green peppercorns. Drain all juices and fat from roasted ducks, halve them and arrange on heated platters. Garnish with remaining kumquats cut in thin slices. Reheat and serve sauce separately. Serves 6.

Praline Ice Cream Pie

Heat ½ cup brown sugar until it reaches the point where it begins to turn darker. Mix with ½ cup whipping cream and 1 ounce melted butter. Add 4 ounces crushed pecans and 2 teaspoons vanilla. In a separate bowl whip 1½ quarts of vanilla ice cream, and then mix until well blended with the brown sugar mixture (praline). Place this mixture in a deep 9-inch, baked pie shell and top with meringue. Brown quickly under broiler.

painting by Mike Gawet



painting by Georgeann Waggamen

THE PEPPER MILL
SNOWMASS, COLORADO

Ruth and Bob Kevan are the owners and cooks at this charming restaurant decorated with antique stained glass windows and hanging plants. Dinner is served every day. Turn off State Highway 82 and follow Brush Creek Road to the Mall at Snowmass. Closed mid-April to June 15 and October through Thanksgiving. Reservations necessary.

Rigatoni with Cheese

Prepare sauce by browning 1 pound ground beef with 1 chopped onion and a clove of garlic, minced. Pour off fat. Add 4 cups well-seasoned spaghetti sauce. Simmer slowly, the longer the better, but at least 30 minutes. Boil 8 ounces of rigatoni noodles (slightly underdone). In a buttered casserole dish, layer the rigatoni noodles with ¼ pound sliced provolone cheese. Spread ¾ cup of sour cream over provolone and top with half of the sauce. Add another layer of noodles, a layer of ¼ pound sliced mozzarella and the remainder of the sauce. Sprinkle generously with grated Parmesan cheese. Bake uncovered at 350° for 30 minutes. Serves 4.

Veal Gratinée

Pound 1 pound thinly sliced veal until tender. Sauté veal slightly in 2 tablespoons butter. Arrange a layer of half of veal in a casserole. Top with 4 thin slices of prosciutto. Add 4 thin slices Swiss cheese and top with remaining veal. Cover with a rich mushroom cream sauce. Sprinkle with paprika and heat until just hot in a 350° oven. Makes 4 portions.

F'S STEAK HOUSE
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

From U.S. Highway 41 take the Walnut Street exit to downtown and 125 S. E. Fourth Street. Mrs. Eleanor Crow has owned and managed this homey restaurant for the past 30 years. It is noted for its excellent steaks and chops, and Chinese food prepared by five chefs from Canton, China. Lunch and dinner served weekdays from 11 a.m. to midnight. Reservations necessary.

Maggie Murphy

6 6-ounce lean pork chops
6 medium-size raw potatoes, sliced ½-inch thick
1 large Spanish onion, sliced thin
2 10¾-ounce cans cream of tomato soup
Salt and pepper, to taste

In a medium-size casserole, alternate layers of sliced potatoes and onions, seasoning each layer with salt and pepper. Continue until casserole is about three-quarters full. Place pork chops on top. Combine soup with 1 can of water, stir well and pour over casserole. Cover and bake at 325° for 1½ hours; uncover and bake for 20 minutes to brown top. Serves 6.

painting by Frederick Browning


Cave
à
Vin
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Our Best Seller at a Special $3 Price

THE Ford Times Cookbook—a traveler's guide to good eating at home and on the road—is nearing *three-quarters of a million copies* in sales. We are pleased, to say the least. As a special way of saying "thank you" to our readers, we are making a limited offer: The regular $4.95 price of the sixth edition of the Ford Times Cookbook is being reduced to $3 for all orders postmarked on or before December 31, 1977.

A 144-page, four-color book with hard cover, the Ford Times Cookbook contains more than 200 recipes from fine eating establishments throughout the U.S. and Canada. The recipes have been selected from some of the most outstanding appearing in our magazine's monthly feature, "Favorite Recipes from Famous Restaurants." Accompanying each recipe is a color illustration of the host restaurant and comments on house specialties, serving hours and how to get there. The book makes a nice low-cost gift for keeping in kitchen or car. □

Left: A Ford Times Cookbook recipe and a specialty of John Spillson (left) at his Cafe Johnell in Fort Wayne, Indiana, is Trout Souffle—a great dinner party idea. Recently presented an award from the French government for the high quality of its wine cellar and cuisine, Cafe Johnell was recommended to Ford Times by Richard Bowlin (right) of Allen County Motors, a Fort Wayne Ford dealership.

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To the editors:

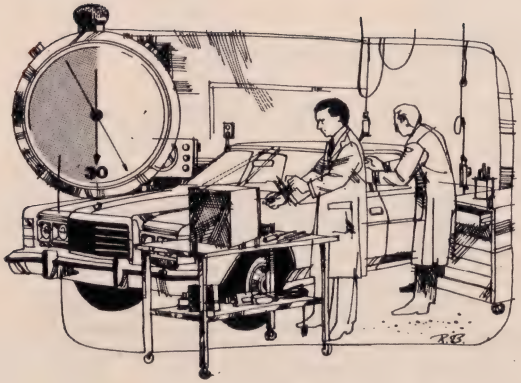
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by Edward A. Robeson



Ford Designers Are Thinking Like Thieves

And the result has been a big drop in the rate at which Ford cars are stolen

WHEN DESIGNERS stopped thinking like *designers* and started thinking like thieves, they made the theft of Ford Motor Company cars a very unproductive calling.

In the latter part of the 1976-model year, Ford began installing improved locking systems on its cars as a running change, and the result has been a substantial reduction in the rate at which Ford cars are stolen. The new locking systems, carried over into 1977-model cars, include much stronger steering-column locks, improved deck-lid locks and special cylindrical door-lock buttons designed to thwart coat-hanger jimmies and loops.

As a result, the rate of Ford car thefts dropped 15 per cent in 1976 from the 1975 level, and preliminary figures for 1977 indicate the rate could be down as much as 30 per cent from the 1975 rate.

Explaining Ford's action to strengthen its locks, Douglas W. Paul, vehicle regulations manager, said that "although amateur car thieves apparently had not found Ford cars easier to steal than other makes, some professional car thieves had learned to circumvent the locking system.

"Through our continued communciations with law-enforcement agencies," he said, "we learned of these professional theft techniques. So we set about designing locks to defeat them. In effect, we had to start thinking like thieves."

Paul said designers began with the assumption that time is the important factor in a thief's mind when he decides whether to try to steal a particular car. The longer it takes to defeat a locking system, the less likely it is that that vehicle will be stolen.

The effectiveness of the new Ford locking system was demonstrated when Ford challenged auto-theft-prevention experts to try to enter and drive cars equipped with the new locks.

"Representatives of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, National Auto Theft Bureau, National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, Michigan State Police, California Highway Patrol and local police departments, using tools and techniques employed by professional car thieves, were unable to defeat the locks and operate the cars in less than 30 minutes—far too long for a car thief to risk," Paul said.

He added, however, that "on the assumption that professional car thieves may develop new tools and techniques to defeat the new locks, Ford will continue to work with law-enforcement agencies to monitor the effect of the new systems."

Captain Jack Vallas of the California Highway Patrol said that "to a thief, time-consuming obstacles could well mean the difference between a free car and a felony arrest."

"Ford," he said, "has succeeded



in making theft almost impossible for the joy-riding amateur and much more difficult and time-consuming for the professional thief." □

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Sharking the Brightlighters with Boontling

This unique language probably would have had Noah Webster asking for aspirin

by Yvonne Michie Horn
illustrations by Larry McManus

DID YOU EVER pay a forbes for a heerk? Are you charlied when your applehead is nettied? And what do you do with your pack 'em out Billys?

You'd know if you grew up in Boonville where the strange native tongue of Boontling is spoken. But chances are, unless you spend a long, long time in Boonville you'll never make your way through the gibberish of the valley. For, to the old-timers, that's the main point of Boontling, to *shark* the *brightlighters*. Translation: Confuse the city boys.

Boontling is one language they'll never teach at Berlitz. And it's no wonder, for no one makes plans to travel to Boonville (pop-



ulation 975, dwindling). You come across Boonville by accident. Suddenly there's a turn in the twisted road that connects California's wine country with its fog-shrouded coast, and there it is—an unpretentious one-street town, heralded by a frame church and realized by the elderly New Boonville Hotel, with the fairgrounds for the big Boonville Apple Festival tucked in between.

Nevertheless, Boonville has its own language—spoken in the valley for nearly 100 years, studied by university linguistic professors and reported-on in scholarly journals. Its colorful vocabulary, alphabetized into a dictionary, is used today by the kids on the playground of the town's red schoolhouse.

A lot of time and effort went into developing the language. From 1880 until 1920, long discussions were held over rail fences and around wood-burning stoves over whether a proposed word was Boont or not. But then, after chores were done, there wasn't much else to do in tight little Anderson Valley.

What made a word bona fide Boont? The first qualification for admission to the vocabulary was that its connotation be immediately clear to a Boonter. Origins of words came from intimate knowledge of the people and the goings-on of the valley.

In Anderson Valley, nearly everyone was related in some way



to nearly everyone else. There were few secrets. Personal traits and nicknames became the backbone of the language.

A sense of the dramatic infected the valley, and each inhabitant lived his well-known peculiarity to the hilt. One can imagine Bill Nunn pouring lakes of syrup over pancakes and potatoes alike, once *bill nunn* became Boontling for syrup. Everyone knew that Bill Nunn poured prodigious amounts over everything. Jeff Vestal, the hotel owner, was committed forevermore to burning huge logs in his fireplace, once *jeffer* became Boont for big fire. And painfully shy Charlie Ball, the Indian, had to go into his act whenever he came to town after *charlied* became lingo for embarrassed.

Other Boonters were doomed to having frank descriptions of their physical appearance enter the vocabulary. *Shoveltooth* is Boont

for doctor because the first physician in town had buck teeth. And overweight ladies are *moldunes* because Moldune St. John was the fattest woman in the valley.

Boonters' highly developed appreciation of the colorful created more lingo: a *log lifter* is a strong winter storm while a moderate rainfall is a *trash mover,* a *glow worm* is a lantern, a *briney*



glimmer a lighthouse, and the descriptive *dove cooey* is any lonely area so quiet that the only sound heard is the cooing of a dove.

Still more Boontling was formed from words or phrases squashed together into a verbal shorthand . . . *scoolch* for school teacher, *eeble* for eye ball and *Boontling* itself elliptically formed by meshing Boonville with lingo.

Some say that Boontling began on the town's baseball diamond so the Boonville boys could call signals without giving away their play. Others say that Boontling came about as a convenience for young Boonville bucks who could safely make sidewalk comments about the attributes of girls passing by.

Today, as for the past 100 years, nothing much happens in Boonville. Once in a while a car goes by, or a logging truck, barely slowing down on its way to Cloverdale or beyond. The land in the valley is cleared and orderly with apple orchards. It's only in fall that things begin to hum. Petunias bloom in the redwood trough on main street and the fairgrounds of the Boonville Apple Festival are spruced into shape. Boxes of *gannos,* apples, are shined up and the kitchens of the valley steam with blue-ribbon-for-sure pies, preserves, sauces and ciders. On the long weekend of the

festival, as many as 16,000 visitors *mosh the poorway,* drive the road, to Boonville. With the abundance of *brightlighters,* Boontling flowers as abundantly on Main Street as the petunias in the trough.

Directions are politely given with enough poker-faced Boont thrown in to *shark* the stranger. And if the *brightlighter* heads for the only phone booth in town, he'll see it's labeled *BUCKEY WALTER* instead of TELEPHONE. *Buckey* is lingo for nickle: When it cost five cents for a pay call, nickles had the head of an "injun buck" on one side. Add to that the well-known fact that Walter Levi owned the first telephone in the valley and, according to the rules of Boont, it all makes perfect sense.

As does the business sign swinging in the valley breeze . . . *Horn of Zeese.* Everyone knows that a hunter-camp cook nicknamed Zeese, because his initials were Z. C., made coffee strong enough to float an egg. So, *zeese* is Boont for coffee. And *horn?* The origin of the word is lost in the lore of the valley, but every Boonter knows it means drink.

When you leave Boonville, the two-lane highway winds through apple orchards in unison with the Navarro River where salmon and steelhead run. With a great deal of luck, you'll know that if you once paid a half-dollar for a haircut you paid a *forbes* for a *heerk.* That you are embarrassed, *charlied,* when your girl, *applehead,* is overdressed, *nettied.* (Nettie Wallace was always overdressed.) And if you haven't washed your *pack 'em out Billys* you're wearing dirty socks.

But chances are you'll have figured out none of it and you've left the Boonters laughing. They've *sharked* yet another *brightlighter.* □

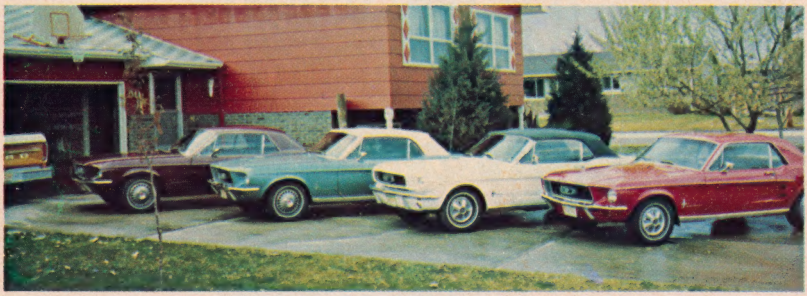


Letters Letters Letters

Mustang Mileage

Dear Sirs: We recently took this photo of our Mustangs and seeing that their total mileage is 366,000, we thought FORD TIMES might be interested. From left to right, the individual mileage is 70,000, 102,000, 98,000 and 96,000. In 25 years of driving, I have had 17 cars and six trucks, and our daughters have had seven cars. All were Ford products, seven of them new. From this, I'm sure you can deduce our family believes in Fords.

David H. Day, Sr.
Fort Collins, Colorado



Stop and Go

Dear Sirs: Yesterday my husband's LTD came to a stop on the Eisenhower Expressway in Chicago. Someone in a nearby service station directed him to Ligletsinger's Ford, 1300 W. Washington Street, in the city. My husband was very pleased with the prompt and courteous service he was given at the garage. It turned out that the trouble was caused by a clogged gas filter and it was repaired in a very short time and at a reasonable cost.

Mrs. Frank B. Vavrinek
Lisle, Illinois

Eggs in America

Dear Sirs: In "Egg-Decorating: Delicate and Delightful" (April 1977), John R. Michael wrote about Dorothy Morley's hopes of going to Russia to see the Fabergé collection of Easter eggs. I am a former resident of Richmond, Virginia, and the museum there has the only collection of Fabergé's eggs in the United States and the largest collection in the world. So please inform Dorothy Morley she has only to go as far as Richmond.

Mrs. Rodney E. Smith
Saint Cloud, Florida



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